The Execution of Frederick Baker

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You tender mothers pray give attention
To these few lines I will now relate;
From a dreary cell, now to you I'll mention
A wicked murderer now has met his fate.
This villain's name it is Frederick Baker
His trial is over and his time has come,
On the gallows high he has met his maker
To answer for that cruel deed he'd done.

cho: Prepare for death, wicked Frederick Baker,
For on the scaffold you will shortly die,
Your victim waits for you to meet your maker;
She dwells with angels and her God on high

On that Saturday little Fanny Adams
Near the hop-garden with her sis@er played,
With hearts so light, they were filled with gladness,
When that monster, Baker, towards them strayed;
In that heart of stone not a spark of pity
As he those halfpence to the children gave,
But now in gaol in Winchester city
He soon will die and fill a murderer's grave.

He told those children to go and leave him
With little Fanny at the garden gate.
He said, "Come with me," and she, believing
In his arms he lifted her as now I state.
"O do not take me, my mother wants me,
I must go home again please sir," she cried,
But on this earth she never saw them,
For in that hop-garden there, the poor girl died.

When the deed was done and that little darling
Her soul to God her Maker it had flown,
She could not return to her mother's bidding
He mutilated her, it is well known.
Her heart-broken parents in anguish weeping
For vengeance on her murderer cried,
Her mother wrings her hands in sorrow
O would for you, Dear Fanny, I had died.

The jury soon found this monster guilty,
The judge on him this awful sentence passed:
Saying, "Prepare yourself, for the cruel murder
You have committed, your die is cast.
And from your cell you will mount the scaffold,
And many thousands will you behold,
You will die the death of a cruel murderer,
And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!

What visions now must haunt his pillow
As in hls cell he does lie the while?
She calls to him, "O you wicked murderer
'Tis I your victim calls, that litile child!
The hangman comes; hark the bell is tolling
Your time has come, you cannot be saved,
He mounts the scaffold and the drop is falling
And Frederick Baker fills a murderer's grave.

Note: The murder was committed in 1867 in Alton, Hampshire.

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